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FREDERIC CROWE

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HOW D' DO?

THE



SEGNOGRAM

A Monthly Magazine A Victor Segno - Editor
Los Angeles California

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ARE YOU AN OAK?

There is something grand and majestic about a matured oak tree that appeals to me, for it reminds me of a fine specimen of manhood. There is also something about a strong, broad-minded man which makes me associate him, in my mind, with the grand oak.

To me the ivy portrays a type of men and women of which the greater part of the population is composed; a type in strong contrast to that represented by the oak.

I remember a beautiful strong oak that once stood up among the others of its kind, like a king among common people. It was just approaching maturity and was as perfect a specimen of strength and health as one could hope to see. It was an object of admiration to all, and people generally believed that it would live for ages. One day while passing I chanced to notice a few leaves of ivy that had sprung up at its base. The ivy appeared so insignificant and innocent in comparison with the oak that I thought no more of it at that time. About a year later I came that way again, and one evening as I passed near the oak, again observed the ivy. It had grown very rapidly for it was now encircling and clinging affectionately to the trunk of the oak.

As I stood in silent admiration of the grand oak, a gentle breeze stirred the leaves and they began to whisper and looking down toward the ivy I observed that its leaves were also in motion. As I listened I heard the oak say to the ivy, "I am so very strong, while you are weak; if you love me, you shall have my support and protection." The ivy replied, "Love you? Indeed I do! You must know how much I love you, since I never go elsewhere, but depend upon you for strength and life. I will not leave you, no, not for an instant, but will cling to you until death separates us." I did not then realize the importance of those simple words of devotion, and I went away feeling that the oak was very noble and generous.

A few years later I was again permitted to see my favorite oak. It had grown a little and the ivy had been true to its promise and was still a close companion. The growth of the ivy had been rapid, for it now appeared as a mantle and covered the greater portion of the oak. The oak no longer stood out independently as before, for there had sprung up beneath its shade numerous little oaks and ivies, that were now dependent upon it for protection and life. It no longer presented that appearance of strength which it possessed before the loving ivy took possession of it and sapped its life blood.

Tears came to my eyes as I beheld such grandeur encompassed and reduced to the position of a slave to the clinging ivy. The oak loved the ivy with all its soul and was vicariously yielding up its heart's blood to feed the clinging plant. What had the ivy given in return for this unselfish devotion? In what way had it helped or benefited the oak? It had been a faithful but dependent companion, that was all, and the exchange had been unequal.

In later years, from having been sapped of vitality, many of the branches were decayed and weakened and when the storms came, they were torn off and the life of the tree endangered. It no longer stood as a specimen of strength and beauty but appeared impotent, when compared with the oaks that had once been very inferior to it. The ivy continued to thrive and grow, while the oak grew weaker month by month. One day a severe storm came, and the oak, sapped of its

vitality, went down, a worthless, useless, wreck and was no longer able to sustain the ivy or shade and protect the little ones.

All around I beheld the oaks which had maintained their freedom—around which there was no loving, clinging ivy. In time they grew to maturity and became of great value to commerce, being made into furniture and other useful articles. They had neither loved nor been loved by an ivy and as a result became a blessing to humanity.

The experience of the oak and the ivy is but an illustration of what occurs around us every day in the lives of men and women. Unfortunately many people are of the opinion that harmony and happiness are only to be experienced when two become as one,—where one clings to the other until he destroys that person's individuality or merges it into his own. This delusion has been named "love." In such unions the parties are so blinded by personal desire that they do not see that one is an oak and the other an ivy. The ivy is usually unconsciously selfish and therefore does not understand how great a sacrifice the oak must make in order to give it protection and life.

Man is not always an oak. He is sometimes an ivy. When such is the case, even though his home life be happy, he is simply a dependent who does not possess a fraction of the strength of character and nobility of manhood which might be his if he were not a mere ivy, clinging to his wife (the oak) and taxing her powers of endurance until she is reduced to a mere shadow of her potential self.

The woman is more often the ivy and her emotions and impulses determine her desires. Then her desires covered by the mask of sympathy persuades the man until his individuality and strength are lost and he stands before the public a sickly specimen of manhood. Success ceases to crown his efforts and henceforth he is of little or no value to the world. Such people often struggle on from year to year entirely ignorant of their position as oak and ivy, though the relationship is plainly visible to the people with whom they associate.

It occasionally happens that a man who is a male oak is united to a woman who is a female oak. The wisdom, strength, harmony and beauty that is represented in such a combination calls forth admiration from all who see them. They attract to them people who desire to place themselves and their children under a noble, elevating influence. This gives them the opportunity to do much good. In the lives of these great oaks there is no inharmony, no fear, and no jealousy. They are both independent in thought and action, but are always considerate of the interests of others. Selfish desires have no place in their lives, and neither one lives upon the other's strength.

But, do they love each other? No, not in the sense in which love is understood by the majority of people, for they are oaks. They serve all mankind by making use of their talents in helping humanity and in brightening the lives of each other and the lives of those around them. If they loved each other with that selfish, clinging love, they would be ivy and not oaks. That so-called love is based upon animal attraction and selfish desire for possession and is but a delusive attachment, which secretly saps and undermines the mental and physical strength of, otherwise, brilliant men and women.

A delusion born of ignorance and perpetuated through centuries of habit has glossed over this great enemy of intelligence and advancement, and called it love. True love is born of the soul, is guided by the mental faculty of reason and rises superior to all selfish and animal desires.

Those who possess true love know of no greater pleasure than that which they derive from assisting others. Their happiness comes from seeing others happy and successful and not from selfish acquisitions. True love means service, and people are oaks only when unselfish service dominates their lives.

Just so long as people are controlled by that selfish, clinging, life-sapping love, they will continue to be parasites, masking under the cover of that Holy Law upon which the universe was founded. Not until they tear off this mask of self-deception will the beauty of individual oak life appear and not until then will they make of their lives a success and know what it means to live, enjoy life and be perfectly happy.

Are you an ivy or an oak?

A Victor Segno.

MUST LOVE MEN

Every relation to mankind, of hate or scorn or neglect, is full of vexation and torment. There is nothing to do with men but to love them; to contemplate their virtues with admiration, their faults with pity and forgiveness. Task all the ingenuity of your mind to devise some other thing, but you can never find it. To hate your adversary will not help you; to kill him will not help you; nothing within the compass of the universe can help you but to love him. But let that love flow out upon all around you, and what could harm you? How many a knot of mystery and misunderstanding would be united by one word spoken in simple and confiding truth of heart! How many a solitary place would be made glad if love were there, and how many a dark dwelling would be filled with light!

The Two Classes

There are only two classes of human beings in the world—the useful and the useless.

To which class do you belong?

The useful class consists of those whose work besides maintaining themselves, does good to others.

The useless class, rather large, unfortunately, consists of the absolute drones, those that do nothing at all, and the relative drones, whose work, concentrated exclusively on their own welfare, does no good to anybody else.

While the idlers and the selfishly active constitute a large class, it is fortunately a fact that the useful workers, the pushers, outnumber the others a hundred to one or more.

In the first place, and in the first rank, stand the mothers of the country, the great army of patient, unknown, unrewarded workers whose best years and strength, intelligence and knowledge, are devoted to the perfecting of the future generation.

And then come the fathers, the millions of men that work regularly and uncomplainingly at the humble occupations, denying themselves and saving, that their children may be well dressed, well fed and kept at school.

Many a man in this country could have been great and famous, well supplied with food for his vanity, had he been willing, in seeking a greater conspicuousness, to risk temporarily the welfare and comfort of his wife and children. He felt that he had no right to take risks, having bound himself to provide for the comfort of others, so he kept plodding away and gave up his opportunity to be among the admired and applauded.

But he is one of the real pushers. Like the soldier in the ranks, he sacrifices his life, without hope of glory or even mention. It is he that really wins the victory for civilization in the end.

Those that do most for progress, whose life and activities are absolutely essential to it, are the men and the women never heard of, the patient, plodding pushers that sacrifice themselves and live in obscurity for the sake of duty.

All of us, young or old men or women, are either helping to push along civilization, or we are useless drones, basely living on society like the crab in the oyster.

Every one of us has his work to do, and can do it if he will.

The old man or woman, past the age of work and of material usefulness, can do great good by the setting of a good example.

A cheerful tone in the aged, an optimistic view of life, kind encouragement for those that need it, very gentle criticism of the faults of youth, can do a very great deal for the pushing on of the world.

Every young man has a chance to develop himself so that he may do important work in the future, and good, honest work in the present.

The young man who knows enough to respect himself, to keep free from gambling and drinking and other destroyers of the future, benefits others as well as himself.

If he has the courage to preach as well as to practice, his influence is great on those about him. A thousand such young men in

"There's always good-morning, and it will their actual lives can do as much good as a great many clergymen or honest editors.

Every young woman has a chance to do her share of the work. If she is self-respecting and inspires in the young men that meet her a high idea of womanhood, she is helping to push along the development of humanity in her little corner of life. Incidentally she is preparing herself for a wise marriage and that most useful of all work, the addition of really good children to the population.

And let us not forget that good work should be recognized and praised throughout all ranks of effort and throughout all degrees of fortune.

The man that digs his ditch or lays his bricks honestly, making life comfortable and secure for others, is useful and praiseworthy.

The engineer that takes his rushing train and a thousand passengers safely through the night, helping on commerce and the exchange of commodities, making life safe through his punctuality and nervous force, is one of the pushers.

The very successful, the ablest and many of the richest men are also among the pushers and among the most useful of them.

The senseless denunciation of legitimate wealth is harmful to the country, as well as unjust.

The United States is a nation of great progress. Its growth has merely begun.

We need in this country the ablest minds, the most energetic men. Europe has sent them to us in the past; we have developed them and encouraged them here. We must continue to do so.

In these days the highest reward that one man or a body of men can offer to another is apparently a great sum of money.

That great sum of money, at least, is what the able man in America, the powerful pusher, today wants.

If he wants it he should have it, for the laborer is worthy of his hire, and we should be prepared in this country to pay the highest legitimate prices, not only for eight hours of honest manual work each day, but for eight minutes or eight seconds of the inspired work which develops a great idea and involves, perhaps, employment for thousands.

Who would be foolish enough to denounce the large fortune of the man that invented the Bessemer steel process, adding thousands of millions of dollars to the wealth of this country alone? He was only half paid, no matter how much he got.

And the man that in any direction works to develop the country, to give employment to others, to make new homes, open new territory, devise new industries, is a great benefactor, well worthy of his hire as a laborer in the higher fields. America should be prepared always to encourage him and pay him gladly and ungrudgingly the highest price for the highest pushing ability.

If a man uses his brains and money to build a railroad in a new place, developing agriculture, backing his good judgment with his capital, making an opening for many industries and many homes, that man should be encouraged and rewarded to the full.

He is a very small man that envies the success of the legitimate higher worker. He should rejoice in that success and wish that it might be greater.

The great, heavy ball of progress needs a great deal of pushing, and there is room on

its surface for every man, woman and child to push unceasingly.

We should honor the man whose persistent plodding does most of the work in the long run. We should honor also those whose big individual conceptions have done so much.

Incidentally, each of us ought to question himself and ask himself whether he is pushing and doing his little share, or just sitting about and watching others work.

The Worst Kind of Poverty

No other form of poverty can compare with mental destitution. Though a man own neither houses nor lands nor money, yet, if he has a cultivated mind and a broad mental horizon, if the door of his intellect has been opened wide, so that he drinks in beauty and intelligence wherever he goes, and if he has developed his sympathies so that he is in touch with life at all points, he has found the secret of success and happiness.

On the other hand, if a man merely accumulates millions of dollars, though he own broad acres and live in a palace, if his mind has been starved, if he is intellectually poor, he will know nothing of the world beautiful in books, he will see nothing to admire in art, nothing to soothe or elevate in music; if he has been wholly absorbed in crowding and elbowing his way through the world to the total neglect of his higher nature, in spite of his houses and lands, his palatial residence and all his costly surroundings, he is the most despicable and pitiable kind of pauper.

Saving money and starving the mind is the poorest business that any human being can possibly engage in. Wear threadbare clothes, if necessary; sleep in a bare attic, if you must; sacrifice legitimate but unnecessary amusements do anything in reason rather than starve your mind. Feed that at any cost short of injuring health.

A youth who has learned the alphabet has the key to all power. He can make royal investments, for mental investment is the greatest any one can make. It is a form of wealth that will stand by one when panics or other misfortunes have swept away property, when friends fall away, when the whole world seems to have turned against you. No matter what happens, if you have a rich mind, if your intellect is a storehouse of precious knowledge, you can never in reality be poor.

The Ideal Man

The man whom all women like is the considerate man, who will get out all the thorns that are in their path without ever doing anything that may tend to make him lose his dignity, the man who will listen to long stories, and even childish prattle, without looking bored; who has a smile and a friendly word for everybody; who likes children and is eagerly sought by them; who is chivalrous, never fussy, always cool; who does not let a woman stand while he is comfortably sitting; who opens the door for her, but who never carries her parcels.

The man whom all women like is cheerful, witty, but kind, never biting. He always defends a woman who is spoken ill of before him, and invariably remembers every woman he has met.

He is absolutely reliable. If he promises to do a thing, he keeps his word. You know you can trust him, even in the smallest trifles. Women love men they can respect, and they respect men whom they can blindly trust.

A spiteful girl is pretty certain to turn out a spiteful woman.

The Making of a Successful Actor

BY FREDERICK WARDE.

Success has been defined as the complete accomplishment of a worthy ambition. Success on the stage, like success everywhere else, requires unceasing labor and an intelligent understanding of what one is doing. We will assume that the young person going upon the stage has good moral habits and industry. Let him begin, then, to learn his business. Time and money spent by him in a so-called school of dramatic art is time and money utterly thrown away. I do not recall a single instance in my experience in which the graduate of such a school has not been convinced of this after a very short experience on the stage.

One can learn more about acting in three weeks with a good company, than he can in three years' study in a dramatic school. The school supplies a hearthrug theory of the art that has no relation to the practical working knowledge that is gained behind the footlights. The graduate comes to the stage a small edition of his teacher, from whom he has doubtless managed to absorb all the idiosyncrasies and little of the good.

By all means, the beginner should enter some good company in some minor walking part. Here he will have the advantage of a dozen or score of teachers, each of whom, perhaps, is better qualified to instruct than the one master of the school, and is quite willing, as a rule, to suggest and help. At least, the young actor has the benefit of seeing them in their work, and if he is bright and capable he can in a large measure be his own instructor, by taking the more finished artists as his example. It is better for the beginner to enter even a poor, cheap, "fly-by-night" for his first instruction in the rudiments than to trust his education to the school.

Let me more particularly urge upon the beginner the value of studying the actors of the company he may happen to be with. Of course, he must avoid modeling himself upon the lines of any one, for that is destructive to his originality. But he has before him at every moment a working illustration and exhibition of all the professional technicalities of speech and gesture and expression, in every phase that dramatic art requires, and he would be remiss indeed unless he made his eye alert and his mind keen to learn his lessons.

Nor are the poorer actors whom he sees without great value, for their very faults show him what pitfalls he must avoid. To these opportunities of learning from numerous qualified sources is added the very fortunate opportunity of putting into immediate practice, in so far at least as his part will allow, that which he learns.

The young actor should not fail to become letter perfect in parts of the play to which he might succeed in the line of promotion, so that he can be ready at any moment to substitute for another actor. Many times circumstances will arise requiring a readjustment of the caste on shortest notice, affording an opportunity to him who is prepared to attempt a better part than he has had, where he can show his ability to better advantage. There are many instances where such preparation led to swift and permanent advancement.

One that comes to my mind now exhibits the value of being ready in this way, if I may be pardoned a personal illustration from my own career. It was in 1869 at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. I was playing Benvolio, in "Romeo and Juliet." The young gentleman who was playing Mercutio became suddenly ill after the afternoon rehearsal. It so hap-

pened that I was up in the part, and I went on that night. I was fortunate enough to please the manager, and from that time I played Mercutio, taking the former gentleman's position at an advanced salary.

In addition to specific preparation in parts immediately ahead of him, the player should become thoroughly familiar with the entire play that is being presented in order to appreciate the relation of his part to the whole, and to fall into the spirit of the production. It is well for him to make an auxiliary study of history and drama and poetry and art. He cannot learn too much. Everything that broadens his mind and develops his imagination is well worth his time.

He must learn the soul of the master whose work he would vivify. He should study history and imbue himself with the spirit of the times he would revive. He must observe all things, and know human nature. He should comprehend at least the rudiments of all emotions of which man is capable. I do not mean he must experience all things, but his observation, study and thought should make him acquainted with every motive that can lie in the human heart.

All about him he can find repeated the characters that he must interpret in his work, differing from those of the play only in the accident of time, environment, custom and dress. Every day one sees a Hamlet, filled with an idea, but not knowing how to execute it, and lacking the courage to act; or a moral coward like Macbeth, afraid to do right and afraid to do wrong; or a Lady Macbeth who sacrifices her peace on earth and hope of heaven for some man she loves. Who does not know a great, good, simple Othello, destroyed by the wiles of a crafty, designing, bigger brain than his? The world is full of gay, care-less Gratinos and high-minded Portias.

I do not believe that the actor should attempt to be his own business manager. He cannot serve Art and Mammon. His imagination and idealism should have full sway within himself. He should not be bothered with financial cares. The effort to combine the two is generally disastrous. That into which his artistic sense may lead him is often not a good business venture. There are a few actor-managers who possess both qualities to a remarkable degree and make a success of both, but they are exceptions.

Success in the dramatic art I consider to be the ability to give a faithful representation of the problems of life and character that have been conceived and drawn by the great dramatists of all times—to give a body and soul to the mental creations of seers. The man who can do this must be an idealist. Undoubtedly the drama has a more powerful influence on popular thought and feeling in our present time than the pulpit, the arts or the school.

The preacher delivers a beautiful address upon some vital question of life and points a moral to adorn the tale with fervor and devotion. The artist stirs the emotions by color magic, and the sculptor arouses a sense of beauty and proportion by the forms he moulds in clay. The poet creates sentiment and idea's by his words and imageries. The school teacher goes to his black-board and demonstrates truth by a diagram, and the orator with his eloquence leads the thought of his hearer to what high plane he will.

The art of the actor to a great extent combines all of these in one. He teaches morality by example rather than precept. In stage setting, costume and gesture he reproduces the play of color of the artist and the grace and form of the sculptor. In speech he breathes life into the imagery and ideals of the poet. In group and action he demonstrates

with the convincing force of the school-master's diagram, and in his delivery and gesture he can command the persuasiveness of the orator.

All these the actor presents to his audience at once. Problems are lived and solved with realizing spirit, passion, poesy. With such forces at his command, the influence of the dramatic artist can be tremendous, and he should not at any time lose sight of the responsibilities that devolve upon him.

Pass Along a Little Praise

These days when everybody is absorbed in money getting, it is a great relief to see a happy, smiling face.

Some morning, when going down town, just notice the faces of the people in the street car. Each person is absorbed with his own thoughts; intent upon the plans for the day, or some scheme by which to convert more money into his pocket. Every face is as serious as if there was no such thing as fun or humor in the world.

Go into a restaurant, and each one is eating in a rapid, mechanical fashion, their minds occupied with something else. Just so everywhere, people take life in such a painfully serious manner.

A little cheerfulness, a little praise will make the day happy for more than one.

A man leaving for his work, kissed his wife the usual good-bye and whispered to her, "I don't know what I would do without you." That simple expression of the old sweet story made many a person glad that day, for the wife at once forgot all the little cares and troubles of the day and began singing over her work.

The baker's boy called for orders, and went away whistling, and others hearing of his cheerfulness, felt better themselves.

If your clerk or office boy does his work well, tell him so; an ounce of praise is worth ten pounds of grumble.

Pass the praise along.

If your wife does well, praise her, if she doesn't do so well, praise her anyway, and she will do well. Don't wait until she is in the grave. A little praise each day will add years to her youth, make her cares lighter, your home brighter and yourself happier.

I think the most laudable ambition a man can have, is first to make some woman happy.

The good done by one cheerful person in making others forget, for even a moment the troubles that harass them, or in bringing just a little sunshine to happy hearts, is worth more than any amount of wealth. We can pass through this world but once, why not try to see how much gladness we can bring to others.

A smile, a word, a handshake, does more good than we know.

Because one man, kissed and praised his wife when giving her a good-bye, a dozen other people were made glad.

Pass on the praise, don't wait until it is too late.—Roy H. Minton.

An idle boy may be good, but he rarely accomplishes anything when he grows up to be a man.

At one time during the Civil War General Grant wired to another general:

"How are you getting along?"

The reply was: "We are getting along very well; but it would be better if things could be pushed."

Grant wired back: "Push things, then."

And that is the lesson each one of us should take to heart in our work.

Successful Boys

Some Plucky Young Americans Who Conduct Business

Give the American boy half a chance, and in the majority of cases he will develop and progress along any line requiring activity, perseverance and tenacity, whether it be in the professional or business life. He is a winner, and will not be suppressed.

Among the many exceedingly bright and successful American boys who are now engaged in business or following some lucrative professional calling, a few are here mentioned:

Edward H. Smith, Jr., Benton, Mo., is only nine years of age, but despite his tender years he is the publisher and owner of "The Benton Bee," a bi-monthly publication, filled with interesting reading matter and advertisements. This bright little sheet published by Master Smith compares favorably with many publications turned out by much older hands, and what is most gratifying and pleasing to the young journalist, it is well patronized by the residents of Benton generally. This enterprising and ambitious young editor declares he will continue publishing "The Benton Bee" until its humming will be heard all over the land, and be established as a factor for promoting "not only the good and welfare of his native city, but of the country at large."

Only nine years of age, yet Publisher Smith is an active member of the Missouri Press Association and recognized as the youngest successful newspaper editor in the world.

Only nine years of age, yet Cecil C. Lyman of Azusa, Cal., is an expert with a razor, and can cut hair like a veteran.

He is indisputably the youngest active barber in the United States, having followed the trade during the past three years, holding a chair in his father's tonsorial parlors, where he is a partner in the business.

Since the time when he was a mere baby he had an itching to get hold of a razor. He first handled a dull blade and devoted his efforts mainly to the fuzzy first growths on the faces of his boy friends, but soon began to mow the stubble from any chin.

He is now provided with a hydraulic chair and raised platform, and is favored with many customers who like the smooth cunning of his light fingers. He has a long, easy stroke, and never has been known to gash a face.

In addition to his tonsorial abilities the boy is an expert horseman, good at either driving or riding. He is full of business and energy. During the dull summer season he acts as a mountain guide, often conducting large parties into the wilds of the San Gabriel range. He is a picturesque figure in the mountains, with a rifle on his shoulder.

The youngest breeder of Angora goats in the world is Master Willie J. Cohill of Hancock, Md. He is only fourteen years old, yet he has amassed quite a snug little fortune from his novel industry, having built up one of the best flocks to be found anywhere. What he does not know about raising goats is not worth telling. Notwithstanding his extreme youth he can discuss kemp, length of staple, luster and other points with any man in the business.

Because of his youth he attracted marked attention at the recent convention held in Kansas City, Mo., of the Angora Goat Breeders.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, whom he met there, was exceedingly well pleased and interested in the youngest business man present. Indeed, they became fast friends before the convention was over. And Mr. Wil-

son promised to come out to Master Willie's Angora goat ranch at Hancock.

The young goat breeder has a flock of the best-blooded Angoras in the country.

Every cent of money that went to stock his goat ranch in the first place, he earned himself, working on his father's farm. If he keeps on at the rate he has begun there is no telling how soon the lad may have a corner on Angora goats, for these interesting little animals appear to be peculiarly well adapted for bringing great fortune to him.

Youngest dead shot in the United States is the distinction won by seven-year-old Horace Franklin Lenhart of New Hanover, Montgomery county, Pa. He is, perhaps, the youngest boy in the world who can handle a gun with the skill of an expert marksman.

When Horace was only six years old his indulgent father bought him a breech-loading shotgun, and before returning from a trip to the woods, three rabbits fell victims to the splendid and unerring aim of the juvenile marksman. Since that occurrence the young marksman's skill has developed astonishingly, and has become even more notable.

He can shoot anything within reasonable range, and has repeatedly hit the bullseye at great distances, to the amazement of spectators.

Not merely a prodigy in a general way, but a born orator is nine-year-old Robert B. Smith, son of Robert D. Smith of 2336 Welton street, Denver, Colo.

Recently, before a large audience in his own city, this wonderful young orator, who has concluded to follow a professional career, delivered an oration on "The Newsboys' Christmas," a rather lengthy speech, in which he showed rare power in the expression of the beautiful thoughts contained in the discourse, and astonished even the most proficient adults who heard him.

As a result of this great hit, the bright lad has received numerous requests for his appearance at various entertainments. Some of these he has accepted.

A Working Girl's Creed

I believe in the dignity of labor, the nobility of toil, the justness of employment and the honesty of earning for self. I believe that to consume the earnings of others without giving in return an equal recompense shows weakness and destroys ability to cope with difficulties.

I believe in the curse of idleness, the sin of laziness and the uselessness of dormant talents. I believe in doing with a will whatsoever the hands find to do. Do that thing that liest nearest thee with cheerful grace and the joy of serving shall be added to you.

I believe in the beauty, devotion and patience of the mothers of the past, the present and the future—that each mother stands as the insignia of a nation's honor.

I believe in shorter hours of work, longer vacations, better wages and more sociability between both the employees and employer. I believe that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl and blinds her to the best interests of her employer.

I believe in educating the working girl, not so much for the benefits it will bring her in dollars and cents but for its returns in high living.

I believe in a girl's laughter, low, rippling, fresh as from the heart of the fountain. I believe in all things which tend to make her more womanly, good and true.

I believe in the coming of a better day, for whatsoever toils with brain or brawn, and the joy of living a useful and helpful life.—*P. Dutchess Westfall.*

Keep Sweet

Don't be foolish, and get sour when things don't just come your way;
Don't be a pampered baby and declare, "Now, I won't play!"

Just go grinning on and bear it;
Have your heartache? Millions share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—
Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow-men;

If you whine around they'll try to keep from meeting you again;
Don't declare the world's "agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you,
Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—
Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,
Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "Though they're false, yet I'll be true."

Never let your heart grow bitter;
With your ear to Hope's transmitter,
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter—
Keep sweet.

Bless your heart, this world's a good one and will always help a man,
Hate, misanthropy and malice have no place in Nature's plan.

Help your brother there who's sighing,
Keep his flag of courage flying;
Help him try—'twill keep you trying—
Keep sweet.

Thoughts

By H. Aylmer Harding.

What is thought? I do not ask you what are the many intricate processes of thought, but what is thought per se?

Thought is an etheric substance in motion, even as sound, light, heat and electricity are substances in motion.

The human brain is, when normal and healthy, a wondrous and beautiful, perfectly adjusted piece of machinery, superior to the Marconi system, else the Marconi system could hardly have evolved from it, could it? Thought is not a secretion from the human brain; thought is a force, an etheric vibration and mode of motion, capable of throwing into other vibration the etheric molecules through which it passes. Thought enters into, and takes possession of the brain of man, and manifests through the medium of speech, recitation, gesture, action, choice and composite character. Divine thought is that impalpable, infinitely rarified ether characterized by pervading, permeating, boundless love. Hence, love accomplishes what all denser forms of etheric vibrations fail of doing.

Thought is silent, invisible save to the eye of the illuminated one. Thought is none the less real, none the less dynamic.

What moves the onlooker to tears when gazing at some pathetic scenes on the canvas? What causes the heart to throb almost painfully when a certain song is sung? What is contained in the silver tongued oratory of the preacher? Is it not thought? And is it not transfer of thought which awakens a corresponding vibration within the mind and heart of the onlooker, listener or admirer?

Te'opathy may be conscious or unconscious when two persons at a distance apart possess in common some strong trait of character or gift; there is sympathetic rapport established between them and the thought of the one may, under right conditions, easily become the thought of the other.—*Medical Talk.*

The Hand of a Friend

We struggle through life, with its sorrows
and cares,

Before us its pitfalls, around us its snares,
And often the heart would adrift cast its load,
And leave it forever alongside the road;
Though many the shadows that meet o'er the
way

Across it falls often a hope-giving ray.
And the clouds disappear which so dark o'er
us bend

At the magical touch of the hand of a friend.

It lightens our cares and it strengthens the
weak,

The hue of the rose it brings back to the
cheek,

The chords of the soul that were silent so long
It strikes with the notes of a wonderful song;
The grasp of a hand that is honest and true
Refreshes the mind like the orient dew,
And it seems that the blessings of cycles de-
scend

When we feel the soft touch of the hand of
a friend.

O'er mountain and desert we wander afar,
Our couch is a cot 'neath a pitiless star;
But there, even there, in the stranger's
abode,

We dream of the touch that can lift sorrow's
load;

For friendship the hearts of the faithful doth
bind

With ties that forever unite human kind;
When the ocean between us and home we can
blend

Our joys with the touch of the hand of a
friend.

I would not exchange for the diadems of old
The grasp of the hand never sordid or cold;
It never betrays one for wealth or for fame,
In sunlight and shadow 'tis always the same;
How quickly disaster would meet us half way
If the hand that we love should desert us to-
day;

But of all earthly things it is true to the end,
And we crown with our blessing the hand of
a friend.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due

The mother's place in the home is not al-
ways fraught with honor. It is the nature
of some boys to be tyrannical. They begin
early to tell how "me and father" can do
things. Mother and the girls are always in
the minority, and their work is looked upon
with scorn in comparison with "mine and
father's." Yet even the thoughtless boys are
not willing to dispense with these tender min-
istrations even for a day.

One father whom I know is very devoted
to his wife, yet he does not notice trivial
things, and does not correct the boys when he
detects such biased views.

The boy once informed a neighbor that
"father had a woman to do things for him."
Thinking the family had secured a new ser-
vant, the neighbor asked, "Who is this wo-
man?" The reply was, "mother." He an-
nounced at the same time that when he was
"big" he would have a "woman" to do
things for him, too.

This same boy went down with his mother
one day, when she purchased for him a much-
coveted small trunk. He saw her make the
purchase, but when he returned home, he in-
quired, "father, who gave me my trunk—you
or mother?" The father carelessly replied,
"mother bought it, but paid for it with my
money."

Item. It was all his. The mother had
given up nothing in coming to him, in bear-

ing children for him, in submerging her life
into his. Not a penny is hers.

Now, this father is the acme of kindness in
the home, and it was thoughtlessness in him
that made him make such an unfortunate
reply.

Again, the boy found a pair of small scis-
sors and asked his mother to give them to him
as they were broken. In showing them to his
father, being very proud of them, as he had
been heretofore considered too small to own
a pair of scissors, he said that mother had
given them to him to keep. The father re-
marked quickly, "They are too sharp for you
to have, and it was very foolish of mother
to give them to you."

In thus passing a verdict upon the wife's
act the husband had sown the seed of dis-
respect in the boy's mind. Still, he would
be astonished to know that the thing which
grieves him so sorely in his grown son—a lack
of respect for mother—was planted there by
his own hand.—*Nellie Mailliw.*

Golden Rule Jones

*If people in general understood the value
of the golden rule as a business asset the
insolvency courts would have to go out of
business*

A man died in Toledo the other day
whose method of life was a lesson to those in
business, in politics, and possibly to some in
religious orders also. That was Samuel M.
Jones, otherwise known as "Golden Rule
Jones" almost the world over. He was suc-
cessful in business and had amassed a fortune.
Thousands have done that and never been
heard from. He was mayor of a city twice
over, but the country has mayors to burn, and
some of them no doubt will hereafter, who
are hardly known in their own street. His
fame came simply from the fact that he was
living by the somewhat elderly but still useful
principle known as the golden rule. He
announced the fact to the world
and the world howled in derision. "Do
others before they do you is the plan of the
average business-man, and then he wonders
why his business goes to the dogs and his fam-
ily to live on their relations. Jones had more
sense. He was square and he let the world
know it. Therefore business success came
to him. He went into politics on the same
platform and the politicians laughed at him,
but the people had sense and voted for him
again and again. Of course neither cheap
politicians nor business sharks can be made
to see this. They are so wise in their stupid-
ity that they still think Jones either a hypo-
cite or a lucky fool. The golden rule has
been preached pretty steadily and practiced
with alarming infrequency for about two
thousand years. It is still doing good busi-
ness for those who have the sense to adopt
it but there seem to be hardly enough of them
to form a sect. Jones is dead and it's a pity,
but his adopted rule lives after him.

Maxims of C. P. Huntington

The great secret of success is lying by a nest
egg and adding to your little store, never
spending more than you make, and being
strictly economical.

False pride is an enormous obstacle. I
know young men in New York who would not
carry a trunk along Fifth avenue for all the
frontage they could pass, because they would
be afraid that they might meet some girl they
knew.

Another principle I have constantly obeyed
is "business before pleasure." The chances
are as good today as they were—they are even
better. But I do not think that the life of
one who has accumulated a hundred millions,

more or less, is in the least inspiring. It daz-
zles, it bewilders the struggling youth. It may
inspire him for a time, but that inspiration
soon wears off.

Appreciate the value of today. That's my
advice to young men. It has been my rule
through life—I am nearing the century mark
now—not to look forward, for the future is
a blank. To-day is the all-important issue.
I have never gone against the tide nor wor-
ried while my schemes were maturing. A
farmer sows a field of wheat. To worry over
it would merely sap his energy. The wheat
requires his attention at the harvest.

In my mercantile life I have noticed the
man who arrives at his post on time and not
one minute later, and who leaves on the min-
ute and not one second later. He does no
more than he has to do and does not do that
well. Then there is the man who arrives
ahead of time and works late if need be. He
takes an interest in his work and is anxious
to be advanced. I have always lived within
my means and always strived for advance-
ment.

When I was a boy on my father's farm in
Connecticut I worked hard, utilizing every
moment, for there was plenty to do. But if
I had any spare time I did chores for the
neighbors. I never wanted for anything I
needed! I always got it. But many buy
things they do not need. When I went to
New York in 1836 I had quite a sum of
money, the result of my savings, judicious in-
vestments, and little tradings about the
neighborhood.

Sympathy

What does a woman need more than any-
thing else? Sympathy.

She can work cheerfully on a crust a day
if she has sympathy.

She can bravely endure hardship, she can
gladly make personal sacrifices, she can be
tireless at labor, uncomplaining in suffering,
patient under affliction and forgiving under
all circumstances if she has sympathy, genu-
ine heart sympathy. Without it she is like
one from whom inspiration has departed.
She is greatly to be pitied.

What is it in the feminine make-up that
so absolutely demands sympathy? Impossible
to tell, but so it is. Every woman yearns
above all other things for it; it is to her a
vital necessity.

A mother was admired by all her friends
for her skill in making children's dresses.
Many days in the year she spent sewing in
order that they might be well dressed at a
minimum expense.

"It's fortunate you are so fond of your
needle," remarked a friend one day. "You
love to sew, don't you?"

"No, I don't," was the instant response.
"I hate it. I'd rather clean all day than
sew!"

The friend silently pondered the problem
of how so much distaste for an occupation
could be so well concealed even from inti-
mates; how the mother could bring herself to
sew so much and so cheerfully; how she
could so entirely repress grumbling.

It was because her soul was satisfied with
sympathy. All the backache resulting from
a day of sewing disappeared when her hus-
band came in at night and praised her work.
Even if he didn't say anything, she knew
he was sorry when she looked tired and that
he appreciated her efforts to economize. And
because he showed care for her the children
did the same.

Having sympathy a woman is strong for
all the battles of life; without it she is easily
vanquished.

"Smile S and M we'll I all L smile E with S you"

Somewhat Embarrassing

Some little while ago a popular writer visited a jail in order to write a magazine article on prison life.

On returning home he described the horrors he had seen, and his description made a deep impression on the mind of his little daughter Mary.

The writer and his little offspring a week later were in a train together, which stopped at a station near a gloomy building. A man asked:

"What place is that?"

"The county jail," another answered promptly.

Whereupon Mary embarrassed her father and aroused the suspicions of the other occupants of the car by asking, in a loud, shrill voice:

"Is that the jail you were in, father?"

Want a Sure Cure

Butcher: "I tell you, ma'am, that bacon's as right as you are."

Customer: "I tell you it's bad."

Butcher: "How can that be? Why, it was only cured last week."

Customer: "Then it must have had a relapse, that's all."

The Secret of Alf's Success

"That barber seems to be doing a rushing business." "Yes. He has invented a hair tonic that smells exactly like gasoline." "But—er—I don't see the point." "It tickles the vanity of his patrons. They go around smelling of gasoline, and this gives the impression that they own automobiles."

He Obeyed Orders

A smart young officer belonging to a cavalry corps in India was sent on sick leave to the convalescent station of Simla, and, while recovering his health among the hills there, was robbed of his heart and in return captivated the charming thief. The young fellow proposed and was accepted, and with all possible dispatch the wedding day was fixed. But the colonel of the the expectant bridegroom's regiment was strongly opposed to the lieutenant marrying, and telegraphed an unwelcome "Join at once" to the amorous sub.

The chagrined soldier handed the peremptory message to his fair one. She glanced at it and then, with a becoming blush of sweet simplicity, remarked:

"I am more than glad, dear, that your colonel so approves of your choice, but what a hurry he is in for the wedding! I don't think I can be ready quite so soon, but I'll try, for, of course, the colonel must be obeyed."

"But you don't seem to understand the telegram, sweetheart," said the lieutenant. "It upsets every plan we have made. You see, he says, 'Join at once.'"

"Certainly he does, dear," replied the lady, looking up with an arch smile; "but

it is you who don't seem to understand it. When the colonel says 'Join at once,' what does he mean but get married immediately? What else, indeed, can he possibly mean?"

"What else, indeed, darling?" delightedly exclaimed the ardent lover, rejoicing in the new reading, which he received with the utmost alacrity. So forty-eight hours had scarcely passed before the colonel received the following: "Your orders have been carried out. We were joined at once."—London World.

An Easy Solution

One morning as Judge C—, of Virginia, was starting for the town, he was approached by one of his negroes, who with more or less confusion asked:

"Massa, when yo' goes to the c'ot-house will yo' gie me a license? I's gwine to be mar'ed."



LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

"Married, are you, Sam? All right," called the judge, as he hastily drove off.

Arrived at the court-house, he spent a very busy day, and it was not until he was preparing to leave that he remembered Sam's license, and realized that he had not been told the name of the bride-elect.

"The old idiot, he never told me who he wanted to marry, but, of course, it's Lucinda. He's always making eyes at her." So saying, he returned to the court-house and had the license made out in the names of Sam and Lucinda. Sam was the first to greet him upon his return with the enquiry:

"Git my license, massa?"

"Yes, Sam, you old fool. You didn't tell me who you want to marry, but I remembered how you're always courting Lucinda, and got the license in her name."

"Law, massa!" exclaimed Sam, "taint Lucinda, it's Kyarline. What's I gwine to do?"

"Well," said the judge, "the only thing will be for me to get another license."

"Massa," said Sam, "do yo' pay anyting fur dat license?"

"Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Will another license cos' anyting?" said Sam.

"Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents more," replied the judge.

After scratching his woolly pate for a few minutes, Sam replied:

"Well, massa, I done axed Kyarline, an' she said 'Yase,' but dere ain't no dollar an' seventy-five cents diffunee in dem two niggers, so I'll jus' take Lucindy."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Just as Good a Trick

Myer:—"I saw a conjurer turn water into wine the other evening."

Gyer:—"That's nothing. I know a dairyman who turns water into milk every day."

Modest Request

Small Boy: Mister, ma wants ter know if you'll please stop your auto in front of our house fer half an hour. She thinks th' smell from your autermobile may drive away th' mosquitoes.

Easy Solution

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman tells an admirable story of the advice given by an Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman, respectively, to a gentleman whose servant was constantly breaking articles in the household.

The Englishman, in his blunt, honest way, said to the employer, "Oh, get rid of him! Dismiss him."

The Scotchman's advice was, "Stop the money out of his wages."

"But," said the master, "he breaks more than his wages amount to."

"Then," said the Irishman, "raise his wages."

Too Late

During a lesson in a medical college the other day, one of the students, who was by no means a dullard, was asked by the professor, "How much is a dose of —?" (giving the technical name of a strong poison). "A teaspoonful," was the ready reply. The professor made no comment, but the student a quarter of an hour later realized that he had made a mistake, and straightway said: "Professor, I want to change my answer to that question." "It's too late, sir," responded the professor curtly, looking at his watch; "your patient has been dead fourteen minutes."

Different Things that Mary Had

Mary had a little lamb,

Likewise an oyster stew,

Salad, cake, a piece of pie

And a bottle of pale brew—

Then a few hours later

She had a doctor, too.

Something Just as Good

"Sir!" exclaimed the customer who thought he had been overcharged, "have you any sense of honor?"

"I'm sorry," said the druggist from force of habit, "but I have something just as good."

Animal Intelligence

Animal Instinct and Human Intelligence

The attention of the German government has been called to a rather remarkable horse in Berlin which seemingly disproves the accepted idea that animal instinct and human intelligence are not related and are essentially different. An official investigation has been requested and will probably be made.

Prof. Wilhelm von Austen, a scientist who has devoted himself to the study of animal intelligence, has achieved remarkable results in the education of a horse. His work has been "checked up" by such eminent scientists as Dr. Studt, the Prussian Minister of Education; Prof. George Schweinfurth, the African traveler; Prof. Karl Stumpf of the Berlin University; Herr Schillings, the naturalist, and Ludwig Heck, director of the Berlin Zoological Garden. They are amazed at the exhibitions given by this animal. According to the cabled reports, the horse, besides adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing sums, does examples involving several operations, finds square numbers and not only simply repeats what is taught, but solves fresh problems put to him by examiners in the absence of his master, showing a grasp of the principles of arithmetic. The stallion also forms little sentences, remembers them next day, and discriminates twelve colors and shades, giving their corresponding names. The animal distinguishes musical tones, indicating where they are situated upon the chromatic scale and picks out discords, designating which tone to omit in order to restore harmony. The horse communicates by a system of hoof beats, representing the alphabet.

Prof. Von Austen says the animal is as well educated in certain lines as a child who has attended school for the same number of years. He has asked the German government to appoint a commission of specialists to examine the horse and investigate thoroughly the results of his experiments, with a view to determining from them whether or not there is a direct relationship between what is called "animal instinct" and human intelligence.

Those persons who are intimately associated with animals are almost a unit in believing that some of them have senses—call them "instincts" or anything else—so remarkably developed as to approach human intelligence if, indeed, they are not essentially the same thing. Nor has ridicule of this idea diminished the strength of their belief.

Whatever may throw new light on the question will interest not only scientists and psychologists, but also that great army of persons who own, love and are friends of the creatures of the animal world whose language is not our language, whose voices we cannot interpret into our vocabulary, but who show in so many unmistakable ways their devotion and loyalty to and their unfailing love for their human masters and companions.

Odd Powers Possessed by Wild Animals

"Whether the power that wild animals have over each other is hypnotism or not, I am not qualified to say," said the circus man. "I know they do influence each other, and in a most remarkable way. I have been con-

nected with zoological gardens and menageries for more than twenty years, and have seen this power of one beast over another, or over many, even of different kinds, exercised time and again.

"We have a black leopard tiger which is even dangerous on account of this power over other beasts. He is a beautiful animal with an oval face, big yellow eyes and satiny fur. Great care must be used in arranging the different cages, so as not to bring him within range of susceptible beasts. He made two mild-eyed llamas almost loony by his searching stare. These gentle animals were fascinated so they could not move when the hypnotic tiger turned his glary gaze upon them. They breathed hard, their eyes almost popped from their sockets, and their legs were stiff as iron. They looked as if they were plumb gone out of their heads, and it would be a mercy to get rid of them. It took two or three days to find out the cause of this freakish action, and that was the beginning of our knowledge of the dangerous power possessed by this sleek tiger.

"An ostrich pen was set in a direct line from the tiger's cage, and the nimble-necked bird nearly jumped out of his feathers. The fence of his pen was more than five feet high, yet he managed to get over it, and was making a straight line for the tiger's roost, so to speak, when one of the keepers got on, and stopped his progress. Camels, African elephants, the tapir, eland and pumas were found to be influenced by this black leopard, and in every instance where the fascinated animal was unhindered by caged bars, he was irresistibly drawn to the tiger's den.

"In a group of lions there is always a boss, and sometimes this boss is more than the physical master of the rest. I know one case where the leader was smaller than another male member of the family, and would undoubtedly get the worst of it if it came to a savage scrap. The smaller one had a penetrating pair of eyes, though, and knew how to use them. Every time he brought his burning eyes to bear on the rest their heads drooped, and it was easy to see who was the master. One afternoon, a huge bone, with one end a thick sponge of meat, was caught up by the biggest lion, who crouched upon the floor and greedily started to have a feast. The smaller lion, and the boss, was purposely left out in this feeding for the purpose of seeing what he would do. He growled, banded his stiffened tail against the sides of his den and walked around his feeding mate, but the latter kept his eyes closed and munched away. Finally the young king gave the glutton a bang on the nose with his front paw. This straightened the big fellow up and then the little one shot at him the deadly stare, which made all bow to his supremacy. The big lion backed away from the meat, looked at the king gloomily, flattened out on the floor, and began to move his head from side to side, and lick his chops as though the bone had never left its place between his front paws. This lion had the power of putting his mates to sleep by looking them straight in the eyes and brushing their brows just as human mesmerists do."

Every boy who wants to be a priest doesn't always end a saint.

Do Animals Reason?

The other day some careless or cruel person tossed a lighted match into the straw in the cage at Glen Island Park, New York City, in which are kept more than 100 monkeys. The straw flared up and shrieking with terror, the monkeys fled from the flames as far as the cage bars would permit.

All but one, a ring-tailed Brazilian monkey known as Chet. He came toward the fire, pushed the big drinking pan close to the burning straw, upset its contents upon the flames, gravely watched them go out, and then manifested his delight in monkey fashion.

The keeper, who reached the spot with a hose just as the fire was out, told the many witnesses that the monkey had been burned several times with cigars and firecrackers, and had been taught that cold water would relieve the pain. Hence the keeper concluded that the monkey had reasoned from such experience that water would put out fire.

In spite of John Burroughs and some other eminent naturalists who insist that animals do not and cannot reason, it seems difficult to believe that the monkey's act did not show reasoning powers. Of course, it is possible that the monkey had seen a man pour water on a fire, and that its act was merely imitative.

In view, however, of the universal fear of fire shown by wild animals and their universal instinct to get away from flames, it is difficult to believe that there was not some element of reason in the monkey's conduct in facing the fire rather than running from it.

Where Sea Birds Get Drink

"When I was a cabin boy," said an elderly sailor to the Oregonian, "I often used to wonder, seein' birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they done for fresh water when they got thirsty.

"One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glitterin' day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of the empty space over a hundred sea birds came dartin' from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and they waited there for about ten minutes, circlin' round and round, and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill.

"In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinkin' water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles, maybe, to get under it, and they swaller enough raindrops to keep them goin'."—Portland Oregonian.

Bird Sentry on Guard

I was interested on Sunday in watching the movements of birds. Crumbling a biscuit, I threw it out, sat down on the piazza and awaited results.

It was not long after the birds came and helped themselves before a cat appeared. Then a warning note was sounded by a bird, evidently on guard on the top of the piazza, where he could survey the whole scene. At his warning every bird disappeared and remained in hiding until a reassuring note was heard from the little sentry posted on the piazza roof.—Boston Record.



BOWLING

Health Culture Girl No. 2

This picture printed on heavy paper for framing sent securely packed as a premium for two new subscribers to THE SEONOGRAM

Health-Giving Food

HOW TO SERVE IT

By
Mrs. A.V. Segno

MENU NO. 8

FIRST MEAL

Baked Apples
Toast Soft Boiled Eggs
Fig, Prune and Raisin Sauce
Triscuit

TO PREPARE

SAUCE—Cut dried figs in two and soak equal portions of figs, prunes and raisins over night. Add sugar and cook one-half hour.

SECOND MEAL

Celery Soup
Maize au gratin
Beet Salad with Cream Dressing
Olives Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
Peach Balls Graham Wafers

TO PREPARE.

CELERY SOUP—One cup of celery chopped fine and one-half teaspoonful of chopped onion. Desert spoonful of ground wheat, boil half an hour, add one and one-half cups milk, season with salt, pepper and butter. Make very hot but do not boil.

MAIZE AU GRATIN—Cut cold corn meal mush into thin slices, then cut again in strips to make pieces one inch wide, one-half inch through and four or five inches long; cut bread in similar pieces and toast it thoroughly. Chop one onion very fine. Cook the chopped onion in a half cup of olive oil for a few minutes, then fill a baking dish with alternate layers of the strips of cornmeal mush, toasted bread, and cheese, sprinkle each layer with a little of the onion, season with cayenne pepper, salt and bake half to three-quarters of an hour.

BEET SALAD—Use equal parts of beets, apples and cabbage chopped separately, not too fine. One tablespoonful of horse radish. Mix thoroughly with cream dressing and let stand a little while before serving. Beets should be baked, not boiled.

CREAM DRESSING—To the juice of one and one-half lemons add two tablespoonfuls of water. Place on the stove and while boiling stir in two slightly beaten eggs. When cool add two-thirds teaspoonful of mustard, a generous dash of cayenne pepper, a little salt and sugar. Stir into this one cupful of sour cream. The cream may be whipped if preferred.

PEACH BALLS—Remove pits from canned peaches, by making an incision on one side, fill the space with marsh mallows, press several blanched almonds into each peach and serve with whipped cream.

MENU NO. 9

FIRST MEAL

Bananas Apples
Cocoa Sandwiches
Graham Gems

TO PREPARE.

GRAHAM GEMS—Graham gems can be made without baking powder or soda if the gem pan is made very hot before using. A well beaten egg added last will also make them light.

SECOND MEAL

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Almond Soup Wheat Meal Crackers
Celery Olives
Brazilian Turkey Cranberry Sauce Creamed Celery
Chestnut Salad
Compote of Fruit Whole Wheat Bread and Butter
Stuffed Dates Grape Juice

TO PREPARE.

ALMOND SOUP—Grind one-half cup of blanched almonds very fine, add one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper. Blend together and stir into one and one-half pints of milk. Have ready one egg beaten very light and stir in. Serve very hot but do not boil.

BRAZILIAN TURKEY.—Moisten one pound of very dry whole wheat bread, add one pint of Brazil nut meats chopped rather coarse, one large onion chopped fine, six tablespoons of olive oil, season well with pepper, and a large tablespoonful of sage. Mix well together, add four well beaten eggs. Bake in an oiled dish two hours, when done remove from baking dish and serve garnished with parsley. This is also delicious served cold.

CREAMED CELERY—Cut the celery in half-inch cubes, boil. When done see that there is no water to drain off; add milk and a lump of butter the size of a walnut; salt and pepper. Do not let milk boil.

CHESTNUT SALAD—Shell, blanch and boil until tender one pint of chestnuts, drain. When ready to serve arrange a bed of lettuce in a salad bowl. Put in the chestnuts, squeeze a little lemon juice over, then add mayonnaise dressing and garnish with the yolks of hard boiled eggs by holding a small sieve over the bowl and rubbing the yolks over it which will cover the salad lightly.

COMPOTE OF FRUIT—Wet one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch with cold water, stir into one cupful of boiling milk in which is two tablespoonfuls sugar and a pinch of salt. While hot pour this mixture on to the beaten whites of four eggs, add a little grated rind of an orange and a few drops of vanilla extract. Line a mold with strips of lady fingers or pieces of sponge cake and pour the mixture in, set on ice to chill.

Slice one banana, one orange, add a cupful of canned cherries, half cup of pine apple, and a cupful of canned or preserved strawberries. Make a thick syrup by boiling for a few minutes, one cup each of strawberry and cherry juice to which has been added two-thirds of a cup of sugar. While warm pour over the fruit and let stand on ice until ready to use and serve using the fruit for a dressing over the pudding.

STUFFED DATES—Remove seeds from dates, fill with walnut meats, roll in powdered sugar.

The Cause of Consumption

A large proportion of the cases of tuberculosis, or consumption, as this dread disease is commonly known, can be directly traced to infected beef, and this condition of affairs is due to the startling fact that cattle which are slaughtered for beef are not properly inspected.

Such is the opinion of Dr. George D. Barney, the eminent New York consumption specialist. For over a year Dr. Barney has been devoting much of his time to tracing the one prime cause of the alarming spread of the tubercle, as the germs of consumption are known when they are clustered together in a more or less compact mass.

The result of his researches is that everyone who is not in strong physical condition or whose lungs are weak and who is consequently susceptible to tuberculosis is in more danger of infection from eating germ-laden beef than from any other one source.

This danger is particularly imminent to infants and children who drink the milk of diseased cows.

Dr. Barney states: "Eliminate this evil of contaminated beef and contaminated milk and we will have eliminated the cause of twenty-five per cent. of all the cases of consumption in the United States."

Improper inspection of beef animals is the cause of this danger.

The law demands a careful inspection of all beeves in the slaughter-houses as soon as they are killed. The method of inspection as now existing in all the large cities of the country is open to much criticism.

In the majority of cases the examination is extremely superficial. It is even averred that at times an inspector passes upon a carload of beef animals by viewing a car in which they are contained at a distance.

Beef inspectors are oftentimes men who hold the position simply on account of political influence or friendship, and who, no matter how zealous they may be, are utterly incompetent to satisfactorily perform their duties.

It is the opinion of Dr. Barney that while it is not absolutely necessary for inspectors to be medical men, they should at least receive a thorough instruction in regard to their duties and also that every individual beef that is slaughtered should be carefully inspected.

This inspection should consist of cutting the lungs into sections, an examination of the intestines with a view to discover the tubercle, and also an examination of the udders.

The Doctor states that upon the average about three or four beef animals out of one hundred have consumption. The examination as above outlined is only superficial, and is all that would be necessary in the case of an undoubtedly healthy animal. If, after this superficial examination, there remains a possible doubt, a microscopical examination will be necessary, which would, of course take much longer time, but on the average a conscientious and able inspector should be able to examine about ten animals in an hour.

This, of course, would involve much expense compared with the outlays for the salaries of the comparatively small number of present beef inspectors, but the resulting benefits would be sufficiently valuable to warrant the expense even if it were ten times as great.

It seems that the United States is more lax in respect to the careful examination of cattle than any other large country. Germany takes the lead in this respect, and the beneficial results of the German system are evidenced by the small proportion of cases of consumption in that country.

"Aside from the fact," states Dr. Barney,

"that beef is the most generally used meat in this country, and that milk is the principal food of infants and children, there is still another reason why the cities of the United States should inspect its beef more carefully. This is on account of the fact that a cow or a steer is more liable to become infected with the germs of tuberculosis than any other animal whose meat is used as food.

"As the eye of the pig most nearly resembles the human eye, so does the cow or the steer most nearly resemble the human being as regards its muscular development, the formation and action of its heart, its breathing apparatus and its digestive organs. Also when a cow has consumption its symptoms are similar to those which are evidenced by human beings. It loses flesh, the pulse rises and it has the same feverish condition as does a human being."

Dr. Barney's investigations so far have been accomplished in a very quiet manner for obvious reasons, but it is expected that the result will manifest itself in a com-

plete revolution of the inspection of beef.

In the course of a conversation and in answer to questions the Doctor stated that consumption could not be inherited, but that weak lungs and generally impoverished physical condition could be inherited, and such systems are those which most readily invite the germs of consumption.

He stated emphatically that there never was a baby born with consumption.

When Dr. Barney was asked regarding the age of the youngest victim of consumption he said that four years was the youngest which ever came under his observation.

In his researches and investigations in regard to the improper inspection of cattle, Dr. Barney has received the professional and moral support of many prominent physicians and philanthropists. He is preparing a book exclusively upon this subject which will be off the press soon, and it is being anticipated with much interest by consumption specialists and general practitioners.—ALLEN S. WILLIAMS—in *Boston Ideas*.

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To Keep From Catching Cold

A woman who for years suffered from violent colds, which several times threatened to end fatally claims to have attained immunity by the use of pure cold water as a medicine and an ordinary horse brush for currying as a morning and evening exercise. Owing to a severe nervous breakdown she was obliged to consult a New York physician famous for his original and simple methods of treatment. After laying down the law on the subject of diet and fresh air, he said: "You will also go to some big department store and purchase for 35 cents a horse brush, with which you will give your whole body a thorough rubbing each morning before you bathe. As soon as you rise you will fill a quart pitcher with drinking water and sip it slowly while dressing. At night do the same thing over again, omitting, of course, the bath."

The cold water was easily managed and soon became indispensable, but at first the horse brush seemed to tear the sensitive skin. Having absolute confidence in her physician, however, the patient persisted, at first barely touching the bristles to her body. Within a few weeks she was not only able to do the currying most vigorously, but really anticipated it with pleasure. The signs of the first winter cold drove her in haste to the doctor. The great man of medicine refused to supply her with drugs. He questioned her as one would a child, as to leaving her windows open at night, as to drinking water regularly and taking her exercises, upon all of which she passed a fair examination. He said: "Then you have been indulging in holiday overeating. Whenever you eat a heavy rich dinner, and let it be as seldom as possible, omit the next meal and substitute a quart of water. You can't take cold unless you get into condition for it."

This she did and the cold failed to mature and, although she has frequently left undone those things which she ought to have done, and vice versa, and paid a penalty proportionate to her carelessness, she has never since suffered from a really violent cold.

Of course, any system of living which builds up a well-nourished body is inimical to colds as well as other forms of disease. Cold water taken in this manner simply washes the stomach, carrying off the injurious acids which generate there and which, if allowed to circulate through the blood, impoverish it, thereby weakening the vitality of the person. After washing the blood clean as it were, the next thing is to induce circulation. This is done by means of the vigorous currying, which besides bringing the blood to the surface to resist external chill, also opens the pores, allowing impurities to escape. Then the daily bath finishes the work.

Those who intend to put this simple cold cure in practice, and it is a remedy for many another evil, should remember that water taken with meals does not count at all, or if it does it is rather to be added to the side of the enemy. It must be taken before breakfast and again just before retiring, and a whole quart must be sipped within say three-quarters of an hour. If cold water chills one, the temperature may be raised a little until this difficulty is overcome. Some good, cheap distilled water is best where there is any question of the purity of the water supply.

What He Swallows

The man that gulps down 20 cents worth of beer a day swallows in one year 5 pairs of shoes, 400 loaves of bread, 12 sacks of potatoes, 2 suits of clothes, 2 tons of coal, a barrel of sugar, and 27 pounds of coffee.

Pure Water

"The purest and best and the only absolutely safe water to use for drinking and the preparation of all foods and artificial drinks, is that produced by distillation.

"I wish to correct a quite natural impression that boiled water and distilled water are practically the same. In boiling, the steam, the pure part, passes into the air and is lost, and all the impurities are left behind and condensed in the boiled water, while in distillation the pure steam, being freed from the impurities of the water, is condensed into liquid form again, giving a pure and wholesome water.

"But some will say distilled water has a flat, insipid, disagreeable taste. This is true of distilled water produced by the old processes of distillation which do not get rid of the ammonia and other gases, which in boiling water pass off in the steam.

"The most modern and most perfect process of distillation not only eliminates these gases, but, to insure a perfect product, redistills the distilled and purified water, giving double distillation and an absolutely pure and palatable water for drinking, cooking and many other uses in the household, and in the arts and manufacturers. Unlike all spring and city waters, double distilled water is always uniform in quality and always pure.

"Pure water is colorless and odorless. Any water, be it distilled or not, that has the slightest disagreeable taste, color or smell, is more or less impure and unsafe to use.

"The great value of distilled water aside from its purity and palatableness, is its great solvent powers, and the property of absorbing any impurities with which it comes in contact."

Distilled water taken into the body in food or as drink, circulates through the minutest parts of the system and dissolves, absorbs and carries with it out of the body the unused and waste organic and mineral matters that poison and injure the system. In this way it purifies the blood and tissues, washing away the weak uric acid and other poisons that produce rheumatism, gout, congestion of the liver, kidney and other organs.

Dr. De Lacy Evans says:

"Distilled water, used as a drink, is absorbed directly into the blood, the solvent properties of which it increases to an extent that it will keep salts already existing in the blood in solution, prevent their undue deposition in the various organs and structures, and favor their elimination by the different excretæ. If the same be taken in large quantities, or if it be the only liquid taken into the system, either as a drink or as a medium for the ordinary decoctions of tea, coffee, etc., it will, in time, tend to remove those earthly compounds which have accumulated in the system, the effects of which usually become manifest as the age of 40 or 50 years is attained.

"The daily use of distilled water facilitates the removal of deleterious compounds from the body by means of the excretæ, and therefore tends to the prolongation of existence.

"The use of distilled water may be especially recommended after the age of 35 or 40 years is attained; it will of itself prevent many diseases to which mankind is especially subject after this age; and were it generally used, gravel, stone in the bladder, and other diseases due to the formation of calculi in different parts of the system, would be much more uncommon."

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AIDS TO FEMININE BEAUTY

BY A. G. IRL

Some Pithy Dont's for Those Who Would Be Beautiful

Don't eat when very tired, if you expect to get any good from your food and preserve your beauty.

Don't eat more than one hearty meal a day. This is the secret of good looks, health and long life. Luckily for the doctors, few people appreciate it.

Don't eat much meat in hot weather if you would keep your skin free from eruptions.

Don't eat hot or fresh bread if you want to be healthy and beautiful.

Don't eat cold, starchy foods, like potato salad and cold porridge, unless you have strong digestive organs.

Don't eat ice cream too fast. Eaten slowly and allowed to melt in the mouth, it can do no harm.

Don't drink iced water. Cool water quenches thirst much better than ice-cold fluid.

Don't drink much water at meals, but take a glassful the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Don't drink too much coffee or tea unless you want a complexion like leather in color and texture.

Don't eat potatoes, peas, macaroni, cream, olive oil, pastry and bonbons if you want to lose flesh.

Don't go to bed hungry. A glass of milk or a cup of chocolate will refresh you.

Don't think you can eat too much spinach, lettuce, watercress, dandelion and carrots. They are complexion beautifiers.

TO ACQUIRE FLESH

Thin Girl.—I do not advise you to try to take on flesh too rapidly. The result is surer when the process is slower. Here are some things that will assist any girl who wishes to grow fatter:

Absolute freedom from care and anxiety. At least ten hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. In addition to this naps during the day if possible. This sleep must always be natural. Nothing is so bad for the appearance and general health as sleep induced by anodynes or narcotics in any form. The diet should be liberal and should consist largely of food containing starch and sugar; potatoes, fresh, sweet butter, milk, cream, fruits cooked and served with sugar, all vegetables containing starch and sugar, such as corn, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, foods of the macaroni and spaghetti kinds, fish and oysters, ice creams, desserts without pastry; plenty of outdoor life and a moderate amount of exercise. Sleep in a well-ventilated room. I do not believe any one can gain flesh if there is an internal disease; certainly not if there is any tendency to dyspepsia or liver trouble. Where the patient is plump in one part of the body and fails in another a gymnastic course is advised. There is nothing better than bicycling, unless it may be a regular gymnastic course. In order to pursue the latter properly the patient is advised to go to a first-class gymnasium, submit to an examination and take the exercises prescribed by the attendant physician. These gymnasiums, at moderate prices, may be found in a town of any size in the country. Where the development is meagre in the upper part of the body swimming is also an excellent exercise. Walking is always wholesome. The patient who wishes to gain flesh can never do so if she worries, is harassed or permits her nerves to get the better of her.

We read and hear of a number of ways of developing the arms.

Massage—self, or administered by a second person—is named as useful.

Many culturists pin their faith to applications of oils or creams, others to dumb-bell gymnastics; more, again, to electricity.

As a matter of fact, there is no better way for rounding out the arm and strengthening its muscles than systematic exercise of this portion of the body.

The best of these gymnastics are performed without dumb-bells, clubs or any kind of instrument, using only the arm itself, with the hand and fingers.

The woman who desires to develop herself in this way should learn the few easy movements given below and practice them faithfully at least once a day.

She should bear in mind that each movement must be made slowly, with the attention centred fully upon it. If properly performed she will be conscious of her muscles; will feel them actively at work expanding and contracting.

First Exercise—Raise the forearm slowly to the shoulder, concentrating your full attention upon the movement.

Second—Lower slowly from first position, being sure to get full pressure.

Third—Holding the elbow on a level with the shoulder, exercise the wrist with a rotary motion, repeating several times.

Fourth—Hold the arm straight down and close the fist, holding it forward several times.

Fifth—Hold the arm straight down and close the fist, turning the hand in opposite direction.

A Good Shampoo

Raw eggs make a fine shampoo for the hair, especially for dry, brittle hair. Break three or four into a bowl, but do not beat. Rub into every part of the hair and scalp, then turn on the bath spray, using tepid water, and spray until every particle of the egg is gone. Dry as usual. Use no soap at all, and see how smooth and soft and shiny your hair will be.

A sharp-tongued girl never makes a good wife, and generally stays a bitter old maid, seeing the evil in everybody.

We all are ready to give of our sympathy to the poor who have not enough to eat, but ten men die from overeating for every one who starves to death.

"I say now, as I have always said, 'The Segnogram' is worth its weight in gold. I do not let an opportunity pass to talk its praise. I do not keep one copy, but give each copy to some friend, but not until I have read every article many times. In this way I am doing much good."—J. L., Columbus, Ohio.

"Your magazine, 'The Segnogram,' is a most wonderful source of encouragement. It makes life worth living. No family should be without it."—G. L. L., S. Brisbane, Australia.

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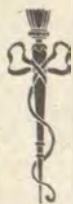
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THE CARTILAGE CO., 171 N., Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



GRAPHOLOGY

CHARACTER AS REVEALED BY HANDWRITING

By Mrs. Franklin Hall



We all musicians are, and wondrous keys
We touch with every thought and deed;
That play responsive to our slightest touch.

The scientific graphologist makes no pretence of lifting the veil of futurity and peering into the mysterious beyond, only in so far as we know that persons who possess a sensual nature and little sense of honor will become a libertine, and the highly nervous and weak-willed will readily become the victims of intemperance, while those with affectionate and susceptible natures will naturally have more than one infatuation. Then giving such persons certain other predominant traits, combining characteristics and we derive an idea of a definite nature as to whether they will be successful in life. The minister in the pulpit illustrates this same so called clairvoyant power when he predicts the results of wrong doing.

The teacher tells the student how certain classifications bring about the solution of problems, and the youngest student in mathematics understands that 2 plus 2 equals 4, but it is difficult to make people understand that character reading from the handwriting is based upon the same fundamental principles. That he who writes a small, cramped hand, filling the sheet of paper from edge to edge, leaving narrow spaces between words and lines and having no finals to words and letters, is a miser who would do without even the necessities of life to hoard wealth. That he or she who spreads his writing all over the page leaving large margins and spaces is inclined to be extravagant.

The graphological expert in questioned handwriting, sees what the expert that judges merely from the comparative appearance of the writing and from measurements cannot see, the characteristics that even though disguised, reveal traits that would cause a crime.

Some graphologists claim to tell age from the writing, which can be done if the writer has adhered to the old schools of writing, but if not, or if he has a distinctive style of his own, then it is not always possible to do this, for the young person who is in ill health, or who is dissipated, often writes with the tremulous hand of age, while the well cared for person of seventy often writes with a clearness and firmness unequalled by many half their age.

It is the same in distinguishing sex. We have women with all of the masculine traits and men who are essentially effeminate, even to their employment. Again the blonde often has the traits of the brunette, just as we sometimes see persons who have dark hair, exquisitely tinted complexion and one blue eye and the other black.

*visit to my was a short one
and a lot of details were
not gone through with, but
will come up for arrangement*

In this specimen the general appearance of the writing is intellectual. Words as well as letters are united giving marked deductive reasoning power. Intensity and vigor are displayed in the strength with which the pen is placed upon the paper and will power by the long and low crossing. This also indicates strong vitality to combat disease. Shrewdness is indicated by the tapering words and penetration by the sharply pointed tops of the letters; secretiveness by the closely looped "o's" and "a's." A man who is secretive, deductive, intellectual, diplomatic, and who by the simplicity of the writing shows no desire for display, is one who will grasp business details well and

who will possess good executive ability that would enable him, like this man to excel as a business manager and financier. Also the keen intellect allied to the other qualities would give fine literary ability; this man is also a journalist.

*thinking will be later on
when I will go and then*

The above specimen displays a large amount of individuality as a whole, and the "I's" indicate genius and are the kind of "I's" most often used by great musicians. There is ardor, persistence and tenacity in the long, hooked, sweeping cross of the "t's" and a rounded gracefulness in most of the finals. Tact is shown in the varying size of the letters and tender emotion in the slant of the letters. Conversational ability in the spacing between the words, sequence of ideas in the joined letters. This writer is one of the greatest musicians, (pianists,) in this country and was at one time pianist to the court of Spain.

Readings for Subscribers

*I don't know the blues
any more since I joined*

B. T., Seattle, Wash.:—Your life has been to a large extent a struggle with many of the things which you worked for and longed to have, denied you. You have determination and energy, but sometimes permit yourself to act too much upon impulse without stopping to think what the results may be. You have been too much influenced by others, relatives or near friends who have not always had your best interests at heart. It has taught you to be secretive, even at the cost of truth. You must cultivate more self-reliance, and when you have matters of importance to decide, you should be entirely alone and reason out your decision according to your own best judgment. You are generous, kindly, affectionate and in most things unselfish. Cultivate greater hopefulness and power to say, "I will."

S. D. W.—, Boston, Mass.—You have a nervous temperament and are apt to worry too much over trifles which affects more or less your physical condition. This you must try to overcome. You are observant and critical and not much that is of interest escapes you. You like praise and admiration and can do better work when you know that your efforts to please are appreciated. While you are almost super-sensitive you are not as easily influenced by sentiment as many, neither are you particularly sympathetic unless in cases that appeal directly to you. You would do best in some vocation within the home where you would not have to go out and struggle with the masses.

M. M.—, Keokuk, Iowa.—You should be quick in thought and action and it is a trifle difficult for you to concentrate your mind upon one subject for any great length of time unless it is something that is entirely congenial. You will do those tasks which you consider your duty but it is often a sacrifice upon your part. Are fond of a certain amount of social pleasure although not inclined to carry these things to excess. You have considerable versatility that sometimes makes it difficult for you to concentrate your mind upon a subject long enough for you to master it in all of its minor details. Cultivate more persistent will power. You would be most successful in some intellectual vocation.

A. F.—Hargrave, Va.—You have a mental temperament with a great deal of positive forcefulness that enables you to master the difficulties that may arise in your path. You are assertive and not easily convinced when you are in the wrong. You like to command and to be obeyed and possess very good executive ability. You have a large amount of determination and if you have a task to do you like to get it off your hands as soon as possible so to be ready for the next thing. Have very good judgment and are not easily influenced to do those things which you do not approve. Would do best in some profession.

Yours very truly

H. B.—New York City.—You are impatient and restless and not satisfied with your life as it is, longing for some change to come into it. Are independent in thought and action, self-reliant and impatient of restraint. You can keep a secret well even should it be necessary to deceive for the purpose. Are sufficiently intuitive to enable you to learn tasks that are congenial with ease and you have the ability to apply yourself to such tasks well. Are not as systematic as you ought to be to insure good results. You take an interest in things out of the ordinary and would do well in anything of a scientific nature. You have many little odd ways that are sometimes a puzzle even to those whom you know best.

G. W.—New York City.—You have an ardent, enthusiastic and impulsive nature that often causes you to rush into things heedless of what the results may be until it is too late for you to retract. You have some dramatic ability and would make a very good elocutionist and reader if you cared to cultivate this talent. Would do well also as a demonstrator in any line of work that brought you before the public. Are somewhat extravagant and unless you have a large income will need to be watchful that your expenses do not exceed it. You are generous and yet you are in some things pertaining to your own personal comfort and pleasure, a bit selfish. Will have an eventful life.

*By my time which I suppose
Hoping to be able to report*

M. I. W.—Pittsburg, Kans.—You have a nervous temperament and while the shadows have been heavy, you have permitted yourself to go and meet some of them half way. As plants thrive best in the sunshine, so do people, and it is well to seek all the mental sunshine that you can. You are very sensitive and so are sometimes wounded by what others say when in reality they meant nothing against you. Your imperfect health has had some tendency to cause this condition. You are affectionate and sympathetic and would think no sacrifice too great to make for those whom you love. You need to be out doors all that you can and if you had a place for the work would be successful in raising poultry for market, if you were careful to raise only choice fowls. Especially would you prosper in this if you had your own private customers. It would also be beneficial to your health.

How to get a Character Reading Free

Any subscriber to this magazine who sends us three new yearly subscribers will be given a Character Reading from his or her handwriting. We will either print the reading in *The Segnogram* or send it by mail.

HOW TO SEND

When sending the three new subscribers also send twenty-five words of your natural writing on a separate piece of paper and sign it. We will print your initials only, as it is not advisable to print the full name.

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Telepathic Message from a Dog to its Master

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, dog-lover and novelist, sends to the "Times" a remarkable story of telepathy, which is corroborated by a veterinary surgeon and by five members of Mr. Haggard's family.

"On the night of Saturday, July 9," says Mr. Haggard, "I suffered from what I took to be nightmare . . . I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water.

"My own personality seemed to me to be arising from the body of the dog, which I knew to be Bob and no other, so much so that my head was against its head, which was lifted up at an unnatural angle. In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying."

Next night, after having told the story at the breakfast table, Mr. Haggard heard that his dog was missing. Remembering his dream, he had inquiries made, with the result that four days afterwards the animal's body was found floating in the Waveney, about a mile distant.

On the following day two plate-layers told the novelist that Bob had been killed by a train, and the dog's collar, broken and torn off, was shown to him. On the Monday afternoon, the plate-layers said, the body of the dog had been seen floating in the water near an open-work bridge over the river.

As no trains pass on Sundays, and it could not have been killed on Monday, Mr. Haggard concludes that the dog met its death under the wheels of an empty train, which passed shortly after eleven on Saturday night.

After carefully weighing the evidence, the novelist is forced to the following conclusions:

"The dog Bob, between whom and myself there existed a mutual attachment, either at the moment of his death, if his existence can conceivably have been prolonged till after one in the morning, or, as seems more probable, about three hours after that event, did succeed in calling my attention to its actual or recent plight by placing whatever portion of my being is capable of receiving such impulses when enchained by sleep into its own terrible position.

"That subsequently, as that chain of sleep was being broken by the voice of my wife calling me back to a normal condition of our human existence, with some last despairing effort, while that indefinable part of me was being withdrawn from it (it will be remembered that in the dream I seemed to rise from the dog), it spoke to me, first trying to make use of my own tongue, and, failing therein, by some subtle means of communication whereof I have no knowledge, telling me that it was dying, for I saw no blood or wounds which would suggest this to my mind.

"I recognize, further, that, if its dissolution took place at the moment when I dreamt, this communication must have been a form of telepathy."

Sunburnt in a Dream—The Power of Mind over Matter

An Irish correspondent of the "Daily Mail" vouches for the accuracy of the following remarkable story:

"As the result of a peculiarly vivid dream," he says, "Mr. Charles E. Stanley, B.A., of Erin-villas, Newcastle, Co. Down, is suffering from the effects of what appears to be severe sunburn, and he is anxious to learn if any similar case has been recorded, and if any adequate scientific explanation can be put forward.

"Mr. Stanley, in relating his almost weird experience, says: 'I am thirty years of age, a student, and very pale-faced. Having been confined to my rooms in the city of Belfast by severe literary work for some months, I paid a flying visit to Newcastle on Monday last, when the little town was deluged with rain and the sun obscured.

"I remained indoors all the evening reading, and retired to bed about eleven o'clock. During the night I dreamt I was lying on the seashore in a strange locality, and that the sun was shining with intense heat, so much so that I felt my face and hands actually being burned. In my dream I remember thinking what a tanned face I would have after lying so long exposed to the glaring sun.

"The dream passed away, and in the morning I arose and commenced to shave. What was my astonishment, on looking in the mirror, to find my face and neck literally tanned dark brown; my nose in a parboiled condition, and the skin broken, my forehead covered with freckles, and my hands also tanned brown and freckled.

"The experience made me uneasy, and accordingly I spoke to a doctor, who was staying in the same house. He said I was badly sunburnt by exposure. I explained I had not been in the sun for a single hour for months, and that I arrived in Newcastle in a deluge of rain, at the same time mentioning my dream.

"He was amazed, and said it was the most remarkable case he ever knew, but he believed the force of my thought had in my dream affected the skin and caused the sunburn and freckles.

"The doctor asked me to write to the Press, as the case is a most remarkable one. I may add I am a total abstainer, and am free from any disease or skin affection."

THE EDITOR'S TALK

Give Thanks

I would like to personally meet and thank all who have and are still aiding us to increase the circulation of The Segnogram. I appreciate your interest and co-operation in this great work, and shall endeavor to reciprocate by doing everything in my power to give you the very best magazine for the least money. The magazine I am now giving you costs more to publish than you pay for it, but by constantly increasing the circulation we can get more for our advertising space, and thus pay all expenses.

As I am publishing The Segnogram for the benefit of its readers, I would like to know if the new magazine meets with your approval, therefore, I am going to ask you to write and tell me which departments of the magazine you like best. Are there any other phases of life you would like to see dealt with in our columns? This is your magazine as much as it is mine, therefore I want your comments and suggestions that I may learn your likes and dislikes. By working together we can soon make The Segnogram the ideal magazine for every member of the home.

We have decided to open a "Personal Experience" Department in this magazine, and permit those who have had any unusual experience from following mental culture or physical hygiene to tell of it for the benefit of others.

We believe that the experiences of advanced students of correct living, if told, will help and encourage the new beginners. Experiences should be told briefly, using not more than three or four hundred words.

If you think your experience will interest your fellow-reader, send it in.

A few months ago we offered a "Success Key" pin to those who would send us five new subscribers. Today five hundred people are wearing "Success" pins. The pin has pleased the people and become so popular that subscriptions are coming in from all parts of the world. That none may be disappointed we have ordered 500 more to be made and will continue to give them free as a premium for five new subscribers. Those who have earned a "Success Key" pin are pleased with it and speak of it in the highest terms. If you have not yet earned one of these beautiful dainty emblems of "Success" do so this month. By securing new subscribers to The Segnogram you will help your friends, yourself and us.

If you are not interested in the pin, you will find other valuable premiums offered in this issue: A character reading from handwriting for three new subscribers, a poster picture of one of our "Health Culture Girls" for two subscribers or a course of lessons in Graphology or Physical Culture for five subscribers. Take your choice. The premiums are worth more than the amount of money asked for the subscriptions.

Do you know of a bright boy or a bright girl in your town whom we could engage to work for us at \$10.00 per week? If so draw their attention to our offer on the back page of this magazine.

During the month of November and before the next issue of The Segnogram leaves the press we will have moved into our new building. If possible we will print an exact picture of the building in the December number.

"I am delighted with 'The Segnogram.' I think it a most charming magazine, both interesting and instructive. My friends who have seen it, all appreciate it."—E. E. M., Rugby, England.

California Ripe Olives

Advance Notice

The demand for California Ripe Olives by the readers of this magazine has increased to such an extent that we have made arrangements with the best olive canners in the State to preserve and pack for us a quantity of the choicest ripe olives from this season's crop. These olives are to be supplied to our readers only. The quantity is limited, therefore, we wish you to notify us at once how many quarts you will need.

Do Not Send Money

Just tell us how much to reserve for you. They can not be cured and ready for shipment until about Christmas. As soon as they are ready we will notify you and you can then remit. The olives will be put up in quart packages, and will retain their freshness for a year. They will be sent by express or freight, charges prepaid, to any place in the United States or Canada, at the following prices:

- 2 quarts, \$1.25, express paid by us.
- 4 quarts, 2.25, express paid by us.
- 12 quarts, 6.00, freight paid by us.
- 36 quarts, 15.00, freight paid by us.

Remember that one pound of ripe olives is equal in food value to three pounds of the choicest beefsteak. Twelve quarts of olives weigh 24 pounds, and are equal to 72 pounds of the highest priced steak. The food value you get from a pound of high priced meat you get from ripe olives for 8 1-3 cents. It is a great saving to eat olives in place of animal flesh. Then you avoid the chances of taking disease from the flesh of diseased cattle.

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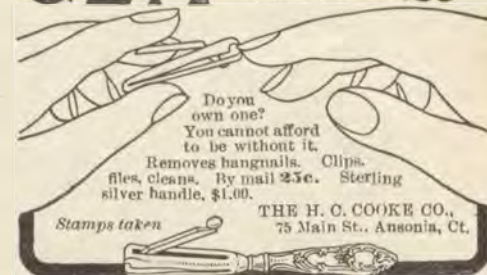
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